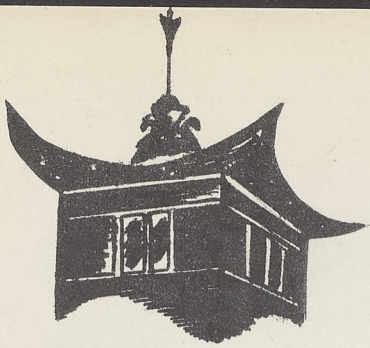
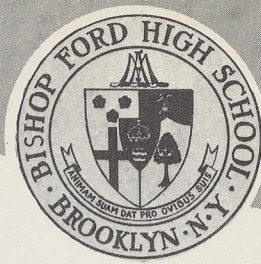


BISHOP FORD HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE





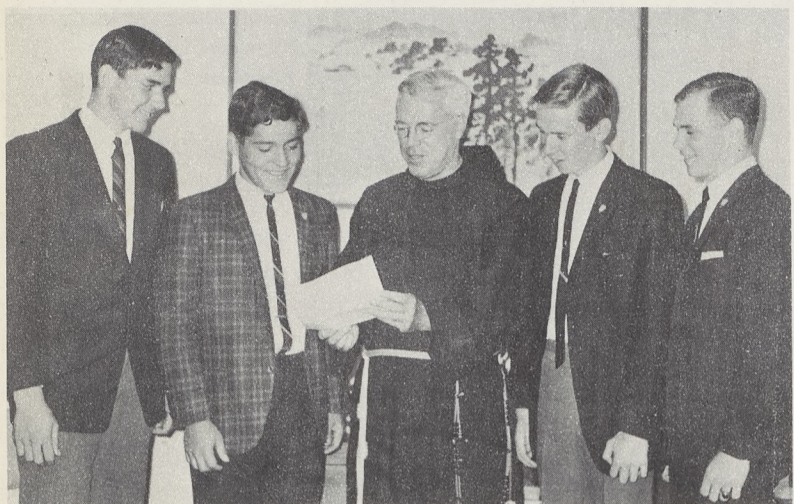
# HIGHPOINT



Vol. 5, No. 1

Bishop Ford Diocesan High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

November 2, 1966



Whiting, Orlando, Bro. Timothy, Baumer and Pinto.

## Ford Places in NMSQT

Last March the present senior class of Bishop Ford High School competed with the rest of the nation's seniors in the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. This test was designed to show the proficiency of the student in a variety of subjects including English Usage, Mathematics usage, Social Studies reading, Natural Science reading and Word usage.

Four Ford students were notified this past summer that they had received honorable mention in this exam. We congratulate: Thomas Whiting, 406; Frank Orlando, 405; John

Pinto, 410; and Nelson Baumer, 403. Each of them attained a score which placed him in the ninety-seventh percentile of all senior students in the United States. Also, a Ford scholar recently became a finalist in the National Achievement Scholarship Institution for Outstanding Negro Students, which is affiliated with the NMSQT. John Plateau of class 408 brought this honor to Ford by his outstanding score on the NMSQT. Senior scholars at Ford are a paragon for this year's Juniors.

## New Mod. Stirs S.C.

Brother Alphonsus, our well known assistant principal, has taken charge of our student council.

Breaking from tradition inevitably incites emotions, be they overwhelmingly favorable, or vigorously antagonistic. It was Brother Alphonsus' decision to follow the constitution as it stands to the letter. Consequently many boys who might have made good class officers were eliminated due to their academic achievement (or the lack of it). Brother also urged campaigning on the individual class level, which may have the good effect of better introduction, but also gave the floor to those who might win because they were more the exhibitionist than their opponent. All things being equal, however, we may feel certain that the vast majority of those winning will be capable and worthy representatives. The names of the winners are as follows, with the Presidents' names first, and the Vice-Presidents' names immediately following: Seniors—401 Edward Lista, Philip Fitzpatrick; 402 Louis Burdo, Richard Yurelich; 403 Thomas Lenard, Edward Barrett; 404 Joseph Aguanno, George Saverese; 405 Frank Orlando, Christopher Walsh; 406 Cosmo Olivieri, Michael Day; 407 Kenneth Nolan, Philip Scala; 408 John Plateau, Francis Tabert; 409 Alfred Zaffiro, Gerald Siciliano, 410

Roger Cusick, John Pinto; 411 George Albro, Vincent Tarsio; 412 William Doyle, Michael Yacubovich.

Juniors—301 Robert Mascali, John Hederman; 302 Joseph Montalto, John Grado; 303 Richard Pelosi, Thomas O'Callaghan; 304 Anthony Scotto, James Veneruso; 305 Philip Vanaria, Robert Sileno; 306 Ralph Coccoaro, Wayne Marshall; 307 Victor Abriano, Frank Cunningham; 308 John McLoughlin, Thomas Kavanagh; 309 Stephen Brienza, Mario Colasuonno; 310 Robert Acierno, Ralph Persico.

Sophomores—201 Nicholas Mammolito, Paul Giangreco; 202 Joseph Piesco, Robert Sheedy; 203 Robert Pellegrino, David Kinscherf; 204 Ralph Mascolo, Gregory Canizio; 205 Joseph Bongiorno, Anthony Magaldi; 206 Joseph Wozney, Frank Kirkland; 207 Robert Lorenzo, Anthony Trani; 208 Robert Marrone, Donald Mulligan.

Freshmen—101 Robert DiPietro, Daniel Ricciardi; 102 Albert Lise, Francis Lombardo; 103 Joseph Pisarra, Charles Focarino; 104 Eugene Maresca, Joseph Rifci; 105 Joseph Masfield, Michael Roscak; 106 Edward McDonald, George Chin; 107 Thomas Sheehan, Kevin Holmes; 108 Edward Murphy, David Howard; 109 Philip Nuzzo, Donald Davidson; 110 James Orlando, Jose Oquendo.

## S.C. Pres. Debuts in Pics: Rasa's Star Rises over NYC

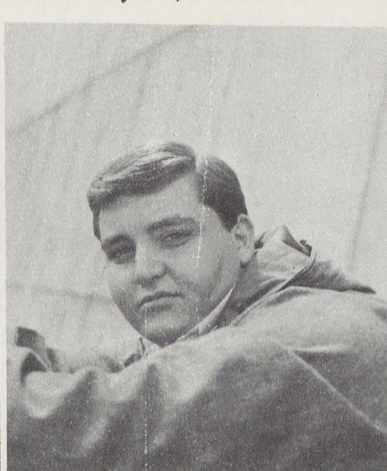
Sometimes I like to imagine a small vaped window, cold to the touch of my nose flattened against it looking out, and editing the entire world. Perhaps if I were wiser, I'd rather stand outside, alone, watching myself warm and contented, living and doing.

Several weeks ago, when John Sahner came and asked me to write about myself, I quickly dismissed it as too personal a project. Now through circumstances which some might consider children of fate, I write not only about myself, but about some of what I've learned and done.

Perhaps it is too personal a thing to write about one's greatest experience, when one is still young enough to falsify it. There are certain times in people's lives that are so important to them, yet unrealizable by others for their true worth. This is probably good and correct, but often very lonely. I don't think detail is important here, but sincerity on the part of writer and the reader is vital.

Last May, the public address system rattled off its usual and sometimes trite daily announcements. Among them was a call for all those involved in dramatics to stop at the art room after school. Although never really involved in dramatics, having played drums for the then recent production of *OH KAY!*, afforded me what I thought some affiliation. For some reason, I went. Welcomed by Brother Jonathan, I sat and listened. Brother went on to explain that an actor friend of his, a Mr. Val Bisoglio, (now appearing in *WAIT UNTIL DARK*) had been in contact with a Miss Alix Gordon. It seems that Miss Gordon was casting director for Bel Kaufman's best-seller, *UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE*, to be made into a movie by Warner Bros. Her job was to find kids, professional or non-professional, to portray parts which they in some way resembled. She was to interview boys from Ford that following Friday. It was Brother Jonathan's influence that made Bishop Ford the only private school to be visited. That Friday, after some had eagerly read the book, Alix Gordon and David Lang came and found a moderate-sized group of anxious students.

It was the day of the awards assembly, and after having packed away my drums, I coyly waited around the auditorium—not wishing to be conspicuous, or appear nervy. I was embarrassed to admit that I wanted to go up on stage, and meet these people. Then, someone whom I didn't particularly care for, looked at me and in his usually sickening way asked, "You're going up?" With this note of sarcasm, I triumphantly stood up and walked onto the stage. As I did, it dawned on me that I hadn't any idea of the book, or what I was ever going to say. Not taking it too seriously, I sat down. **FIRST QUESTION:** Name; phone; color of eyes; height (no weight, thank God), and address and acting experience. A bit of small talk, and then they just looked, and looked and looked. About to say my goodbye, Brother Jonathan mentioned that I had just been elected school president. David Lang seemed suddenly more interested and his rather conservative attire took on new color. Miss Gordon seemed more comely with her eyes brightly lit under the stage work lights. Now the conversation also took on a new tone; I felt more assured but still uneasy because of their growing concern. I maintained my cool with one or two witty remarks, beared a thank-you; stood up; shook hands; thanked them; and left the stage with an air of authority that they had inspired in me.



Sal Rasa

The interview, very pleasant and

interesting, told me nothing. I went out and bought lunch, not really knowing why I felt so great.

Later, after they had gone, Brother Jonathan casually said that they had mentioned my name, but he had nothing else to say. I left school and it had begun to rain. For some insane reason I decided to take a cab home; and was on my way.

I began to recall everything that had happened. I remembered the table and chairs (at least I think that's what they were); the professional, almost tired but young looking man, David Lang. How young, I thought, to have such position in life. And Alix Gordon, the soft-spoken, fortyish but pretty lady, whom I thought was so charming with her perfume and chestnut hair. As I rode along in the cab, I could almost hear the "Route 66" theme playing behind me: this was it, baby.

Somehow I had lost all sense of what had really taken place. I had already discounted the fact that I hadn't any acting experience at all. I thought of ways to supplement that.

Without any right to it in the world, I felt that I was already on my way. The movie itself became secondary behind my scheming thoughts. I had purchased a copy of the book from Eugene Flynn for forty cents, after chewing him down from half-dollar.

I took the battered edition, went home, and was prepared to wait for THAT phone call.

Because of my own ego, I have asked the permission of this paper's editor-in-chief to publish this true to life success story in a number of installments. Although I may lack the inspiration for a masterful trilogy, I'll try my best to tell you in the next issue WHY THAT PHONE CALL DIDN'T COME. This has not been a paid political advertisement by the citizens for RASA.

—Sal Rasa

*Disagree with any editorial or object to procedures described in Highpoint? We will print any rebuttal "that's fit to print."*

*The Editors*

# EDITORIAL

by John Sahner

"WE, THE EDITORS OF HIGHPOINT . . ."

Up until last year Highpoint was merely an average high school journal, recording facts in a manner which emphasized the characteristic parsimoniousness of imagination ostensibly inherent in all such publications. Last year was the beginning of the end of mediocrity in *Highpoint* as we strove for a balance between news exclusively involving Bishop Ford and news of a more cosmopolitan nature. The pivot upon which this balance rested was composed of a burning desire to broaden the appeal and the quality of our paper and in so doing, perhaps likewise affect a part of our student population.

It is, therefore, our high hope and fervent desire to cover meaningfully these times of social languor and latitudinarianism, as well as the progress of our school teams, theatre groups and sundry clubs. Above all, we wish to make *Highpoint* an integral rather than an insular part of the Ford student's life.

## WELCOME TO OUR FRESHMEN

In the column opposite, you will observe a speech, a fine speech as speeches go, and yet it falls pitifully short of the message which its brilliant author (and last year's *Highpoint* editor) Bob Murphy, intended it to relate. Its shortcoming by no means indicates poor authorship; instead it demonstrates the total futility in attempting to record the sensation one feels at the culmination of four years of such intense mental and emotional expansion, an expansion so deeply personal as to stagger the literary expressiveness of even an excellent author. Four years



from now a present day freshman will stand behind the podium in our auditorium and make a similar attempt. His classmates will sit in the first twelve rows and recall their last four years, along with him, and become amazed at the speed of time, and the brevity of recollection. We only experience high school once. It takes a great deal of effort and determination to succeed. Bonne chance!

## THE INFAMOUS CIVILIAN REVIEW BOARD

There is a movement afoot—a movement in direct conflict with the basic American principle of majority rule. A movement of such nefariousness as to be out of place even among the innumerable iniquities of one John Lindsay, Mayor, turbulent demagogue, and champion of minority groups.

By definition, this inofficial proposition would create a civilian dominated board which would review the activities of a policeman, solely on the accusation of injustice by the criminal whom he was attempting to apprehend. Its institution was demanded by the majority (to use an unholy word) of the Negro community, who, incidentally, are notorious for ritualistically chanting "foul" whenever a community member so much as stubs his toe while being brought to a squad car after mugging someone.

Mayor Lindsay added the board to his injudicious infinitude after submitting to the pressure of these minority groups, and subsequently disregarding the veritable barrage of objections directed at his office by both the Police Department and the ordinary citizens he supposedly represents. To make matters significantly worse, of the men whom he appointed to judge the policeman, half were members of long standing in the civil rights organizations, and the other half were leaders of left-wing political movements. All of those selected were somewhat celebrated among the advocates of perpetual malcontent and spastic uprisings which invariably take the form of riots, which in turn, ironically enough, are meant to dramatize the demonstrator's political maturity and desire for justice. By promising the minority groups a Civilian Review board, Mayor Lindsay is, in effect, encouraging them to nurture the delusion that there is a real problem of police brutality.

In addition to the moral degeneration which a civilian dominated board inevitably creates (758 policemen left the force on hearing of plans to institute a Civilian Review Board, including those the department could least afford to lose, namely 21 captains, 49 lieutenants, 103 sergeants, and 120 detectives) there is also the unavoidable loss of enforcement effectiveness, stemming from the policeman's reluctance to place himself in a position where he might be chastised for his actions (the Federal Bureau of Investigation issued a statement that the riots in

(Continued on Page 4, Column 5)

# A High School Valedictory, June, 1966

by Robert E. Murphy ('66)

"Everyone of us," Hemingway said once, "has a girl, and her name is nostalgia." It cannot help being nostalgic. No one with a soul can pass four years in the same place, with the same people, then walk away from it all without at least a temptation to turn back. Hemingway, who was almost a symbol of virility, was not invincible to the tender clutches of nostalgia; nor, I think, are, or should be, the most booming-voiced and barrel-chested here among us. It is not a feminine emotion.

But there will be other times and other places and other people to arouse the melancholy in us all. There are days before us that will prove more immediate to our memories in days beyond those days. In one respect, it is not an important event that summons us here; for in today's America, *nouveau riche* in higher knowledge, a high school education is little more than a prologue to real education, and in the four years that loom before most of us, time's irrevocable tickings will be a constant abrasive on our kinship to Bishop Ford, and to the world of Bishop Ford. And this night will vanish as an insignificant date in the past, even as our grade school graduation night has vanished by now.

Yet, in another respect, this day is important, for it is, so to speak, a day of liberation, a non-spiritual bar mitzvah, when the leashes and the collars are loosened from our necks, and today, presumably, we are men. Our own world, the world we mold to our own proportions, is before us. The world that people molded for us is behind.

This is a moment that impels us to look to the future. And where the past is something we look to with a sigh, the future is something we may look to with a shudder, or, that being the case, we look to not at all. For the future is a mystery—a mystery because of what the cynical poet Thomas Hardy remarked: "Who may sing of what another moon will bring." And this is a time when the mystery becomes more conspicuous,

as all of us sit here with a common background, and moments from now will disband, and embark upon separate destinies.

"Now" is an elusive concept, a concept that, as Keats said of the silent figure on his Grecian urn, "teases us out of thought as doth eternity." Now is eternal, but doesn't exist. If we attempt to put our finger on it, a new now will have arrived by the time we think we've touched it. But now is forever a preface to then, and now for us is a crucial time, for then is the rest of a lifetime. And now for us is the walk that Robert Frost took through a yellow wood, except that there are more than two paths that loom before us:

"I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference."

## Bunnies at Ford?

Hugh Hefner, distinguished creator, editor and publisher of *Playboy* Magazine, is looking to our town of Brooklyn for the site of a new Playboy Club. Not only is Brooklyn the target of Mr. Hefner's discriminating peepers, but it seems he has his mind set on 500 19th Street as the address for his bunny-coop. Alan Baker, an ambitious and highly persuasive scout for *Playboy*, was sent to make the arrangements. He ran into a very unexpected bit of trouble while discussing this project with Brother Timothy and Sal Rasa, President of the Student Council. The fast-moving debate went something like this:

Bro.: Out of the question.

Baker: Why?

Rasa: Why?

Bro.: It's preposterous!

Rasa: It'll be good for the student morale.

Bro.: It would interfere with their schoolwork.

Baker: Then we could have it on the top floor.

Bro.: But that's where the brothers live.

Rasa: Heh, Heh.

Bro.: I'm sorry, Mr. Baker, but it's impossible.

Baker: Mr. Rasa, couldn't you do anything about this in the Student Council?

Rasa: Are you kidding?

Bro.: Heh, Heh.

Baker: But it would be practical, Brother, Think of it, usherettes at formal occasions, soaring donations for the Franciscan Brothers Guild, cheerleaders for the basketball team . . .

Rasa: We could have new secretaries.

Bro.: We don't need new secretaries.

Baker: Heh, Heh.

Bro.: Anyway, whose side are you on?

Baker: What's the most influential group connected with the school, get their point of view.

Rasa: The Mothers' Guild.

Bro.: Heh, Heh.



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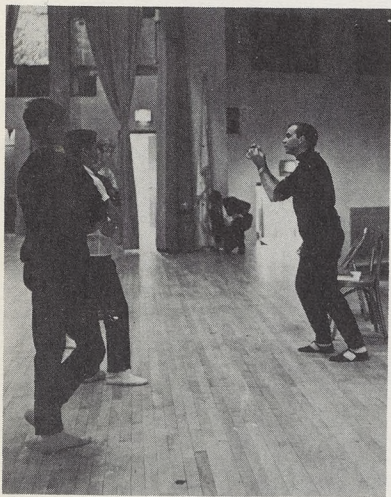
The Opinions expressed in *Highpoint* are those of the student-writers and not necessarily those of the administration, faculty, or moderator.

## THEA-TRICKS

September twelfth not only marked the beginning of classes here at Bishop Ford, but additionally initiated reactivation of our school clubs and groups. Among them was the newly renamed *Drama Workshop*, formerly the *Drama Club*. The change in nomenclature underlies the basic difference in the operational system this year. The *workshop* will be the well from which all involved, from players to prop-men, shall be drawn. Any student may join this group at any time during the year.

Each member is given an opportunity to enrich his particular skill, whether it be acting, designing, or management. Classes are offered in each of these fields. Acting classes, conducted by Bro. Benilde, are held each day after school. All of the performers take part in two hours of various exercises which are aimed at increasing the individual's concentration, and creating a unified group that will be sensitive to and more at ease with each other.

Lessons in set design are offered by Bro. Jonathon. The boys in his class are being instructed in the technique of design and lighting. The purpose of this group is to design sets on



their own and then to consolidate the various ideas to form a final set. They will also position and control the lights.

For those who are interested in the supervision of the performance, Bro. Hugh is giving classes on stage and house management. Students here have the responsibility of insuring a smooth and organized running of the program. House Managers have the task of making up seating arrangements, issuing tickets, and taking care of a vast amount of clerical work. It is the Publicity Manager's job to promote the play by the use of posters and other means of communication. Then there is one of the most important positions associated with a production-stage management. It is the Stage manager's responsibility to see that all things happen at the right time. Records of cues and movements must be kept. Props and wardrobes must always be in the proper place.

The theory behind this new system is that it will tend towards a smoother production of a play or musical. Everyone will know their job beforehand. In the case of newcomers, they will be instructed by the original members. As a result of these preparations, it is hoped by those involved that less time will be needed for rehearsals and the performances will be of a finer quality.

Thomas Petterson



Leonard Bernstein conducts New York Philharmonic.

## Prof. Culturati to Ford

Brother Emmett Corry, O.S.F., has announced the establishment of a new cultural activity at Ford. Under the auspices of New York's recently completed Lincoln Center, a "Lincoln Center Club" is now listed among the many extra-curricular activities offered to qualified students.

Student members will be offered guided tours of the Lincoln Center complex, use of subscription seats at the newly completed Metropolitan Opera House, admission to concerts at Philharmonic Hall, as well as frequent visits to the New York State Theater and the Vivian Beaumont Library, Museum, and Theater. Attendance at open rehearsals at the Opera House is also planned.

In addition, professional members of the various groups presently housed at Lincoln Center will visit Ford during the current semester to

perform privately on our stage. Both the Metropolitan Opera Company Studio and members of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater have already announced the dates of their arrival.

Membership in the newly formed club is open to any interested student.

The first program will be a performance of the Opera, *La Cenerentola* on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20th at 8 P.M. The next program is on the 13th of March at 2 P.M. That will be either a Solo Recital or a Chamber Music Concert.

All opera tickets have been taken up to and including Dec. 19th. The following tickets are still available: Dec. 26th—Die Meistersinger; Jan. 9th—Don Giovanni; Jan. 16th—Tristan und Isolde. Additional dates will be announced.

## Habib's Hideout

by Doug Habib

There comes a time in every man's life when he must sit back and evaluate his new position. He has seen years of life, living, and growing, and must now realize that it is done. There are no more, or very few experiences left for him, including those which might have been saved, were this another age. He has done what he could, and his triumphs and failures are cement-walled in his memory. His mind relishes presentness and whatever simple human experience the near future may bring. Sit back, old man, and watch the younger ones take over. See them run, and talk, and plan. They are the energy; the motivation to succeed. You've completed your record and must await judgement. No longer may you plan your weekend escapades. The imbibing is no longer in the quantity, out of doors, but rather in the quality, within warmed chambers. No longer judge your friends by their numbers, but by their loyalty. How many ambitious young men have you seen fall on their way here, and how many have you seen thumb a ride here? Many of your friends have left. Some never to come back. But you have arrived. You've climbed, and struggled, and sweated. But your here. The plateau stretches before you. The time you've dreamed of has finally come, and you realize your a changed man. Logic and maturity now have precedence over enthusiasm and ideas. You consider yourself a refined person; educated and traveled. But there you sit; back, senior.

of Fordham University, pointed to the high percentage of Fordham students who go on to graduate study, and noted, "The Fordham 3-3 Program will allow young men to pursue graduate study and still enter the world in their most creative years."

The students in the program attended summer sessions, and will open two study sessions abroad, eight weeks in the summer of their third year, and the entire spring and summer semester of their third year in college. The program is not completely classroom-focused, and the students make a wide variety of field trips, particularly during the summer sessions.

Rev. Robert J. Keck, director of the program, said that three main criteria determine the selection of participants. They must, of course, have the aptitude for the accelerated schedule of studies. In addition, they must sufficiently motivated toward achievement, and must possess a healthy maturity. These standards insure that the members of the program are well-rounded, well-orientated individuals, rather than narrowly gifted students.

The director pointed out that closer communication between grammar, high school, and college teachers eliminates much repetition and lost motion. This, and the attentive flexibility of the program's teachers, accounts for the saved time, more than a simple compression of material.

After the five and one-half weeks of summer orientation, both Father Keck and the students are pleased with the initial success of the program.

the comedy hit by NEIL SIMON

**COME BLOW YOUR HORN**

## Quits Fruit Fordham U. Speeds B.A.'s

Alan Baker, playboy son of Harry Baker, internationally known wax fruit king, has left his post as chief of sales of his father's New York fruiterie. Cause of his departure has not been made public.

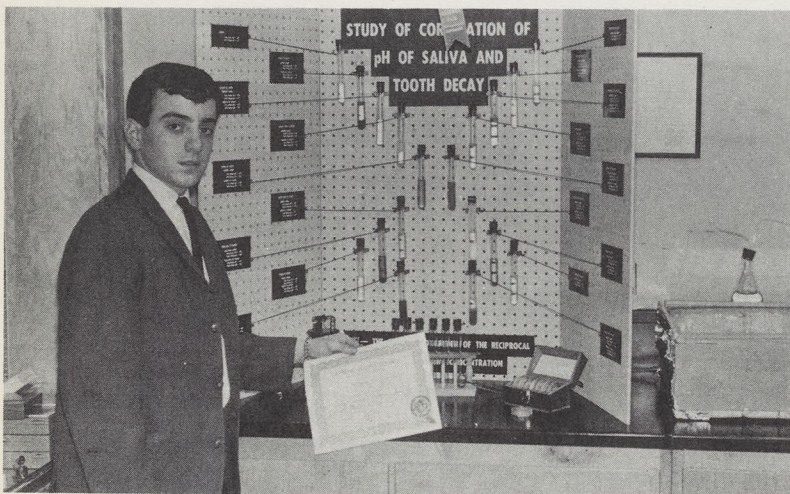
Gotham's gossips, however, are speculating that all is not well in the Baker family and that internal disputes are responsible for the break-up. When asked to confirm or deny rumors of family strife, Mrs. Harry Baker commented, "So what can I tell you?" She has been placed under heavy sedation at Columbia-Presbyterian.

Baker's younger brother, Buddy, once thought to have aspirations as a dramatist, was unavailable for comment.

Fordham University has inaugurated a dramatic experimental program that will enable selected students from the metropolitan area to earn a college degree three years sooner than is normally possible.

The "3-3" Program began last July fifth by accepting seventh grade students who will skip the eighth grade, one year of high school, and one year of college. One hundred and eighteen boys, chosen from 675 applicants, attended the summer orientation period. Of these, fifty-five will continue in the program this fall.

In a prepared announcement of last July, Rev. Leo McLaughlin, president



Peter Crapanzano, a senior member of the Science Club proudly displays his prize winning project of last year.

## Bio. Biz Booming

Due to the fine reputation set forth in the past few years by the members of the Roger Bacon Science Club, a very optimistic view for future plans will soon become a reality for the co-moderators, Brother Marius and Mr. John Bianchi. Membership in the Science Club has grown to over the astounding number of 75. It has now become affiliated with the national organization known as the Future Scientists of America which in turn is part of the National Science Teacher's Association.

After the club's very small and humble beginning five years ago, our

Principal, Brother Timothy saw fit last year to award school letters to deserving members after evaluating the following activities and achievements merited recently. The members of this club have brought honor and esteem to Bishop Ford High School by inter and intra-scholastic competition in various science contests and science fairs. The club members regularly attend lectures after school hours and do experimental work which is over and above that normally accomplished in the science classroom or laboratory.

## Highpoint to Award MVP

The Bishop Ford *Highpoint* staff wishes to announce that it will name a Most Valuable Player in each of the following Varsity sports: Track, Baseball, Basketball, Bowling, Tennis and Handball.

These titles will be conferred simultaneously at the close of the spring baseball season. Unfortunately, no diamond studded trophies will be given out. However, a picture and a headlined story of the designated player from each team will give our M.V.P.'s the publicity that they most certainly will deserve.

In trying to make the difficult choices, the sports staff of this paper will seek the assistance of the coaches, moderators, and even the individual members of the sundry teams. The final decision will be based on the same requirements that are expected of professional athletes who merit an M.V.P. These include that he be a team man, that is, a player whose performance is compatible with the good of the team; that his individual statistics be impressive enough to merit recognition; and that he show signs of being big league by not choking in the clutch. Tough order to fill? Certainly, however only the best win the M.V.P.

In a few falcon sports, such as basketball, the winner might look like a sure thing. However some people, notably Jack Dempsey, Sonny Liston, and Arnold Palmer, don't take too much stock in sure things and their examples prove profitable to over cautious bettors. At this stage of the game, sure-shot bets can only be placed on basketball and tennis hopefuls. The other four sports are wide open and great care will have to be taken to make sure that an equitable decision is made.

The newspaper hopes to set a precedent by the M.V.P. We would like this to be an annual affair that will be received with popularity among the students. In an effort to sustain interest, it behooves us to keep our sports department open to public opinion. Any comment, opinion, suggestion, or disagreement by the students concerning sports, when written in a sincere manner, will be considered and whenever possible, published.

George Albro

## Ford Boffo in Baseball

Our Varsity Baseball Team has finished its Fall Baseball with a 3-2 record.

The first game was against Bishop Reilly H.S. George Fitzpatrick won the game for Ford. The score was a mere 13-4.

We lost the second game 7-3 to Christ the King H.S. Steve Haran pitched rather well but lacked the support of a winning team. Mike Day hit a home run in this game.

George Fitzpatrick chalked up another win for his record when Ford defeated Msgr. McClancy H.S. by a score of 4-2. Bob Fulco had two hits.

In an extra inning game, Bishop Ford lost to Mater Christi H.S. 5-1. Steve Haran was the losing pitcher.

The fifth game proved to be the perfect climax of the Fall Season. Ford defeated Archbishop Molloy H.S. 5-3. Molloy had not lost a Fall Baseball game in nearly four years. At the game, Molloy was leading 2-1 going into the third inning when Roger Yost belted a three-run homer to give Ford the lead. Vincent Quinn was the winning pitcher, giving up only three runs on four hits.

Beginners in Varsity Baseball are three budding pitchers: Vincent Quinn, George Fitzpatrick, and Steve Haran. These three were not previously lettermen at Bishop Ford.

Brother Cajetan is very pleased with the performance of the team and has hopes of doing better in the Spring Season. Until then, however, he'll be forced to keep smiling.



Munro, Alexander, Donahue, and Fusco.

## Vet. Tracksters Still Running

There is a term in sports used to describe athletes who consistently perform with excellence and yet are hardly known. This term is "unsung" and it is appropriately used when describing Bishop Ford's track team. They are the unsung standard bearers of our school who must perform without public recognition.

On the track team are five seniors who have spent almost everyday of their high school lives running track. They are Gerry Fusco, Tom Donahue, Bob Munro, Mike Alexander, and Tom Whiting. Running everyday for three years may seem monotonous, even ludicrous, but it pays off in the honor and mettle that is Ford's through their efforts.

Gerry Fusco has nine letters, two of which are Varsity. He has won twelve medals including cross-country medals in the Varsity and J.V. divisions. Five of these metallic accolades have been won by him as a member of the Varsity squad, while the rest are from weight class meets. The record for the Varsity 880 relay is held by Gerry and three of his teammates. Their time was 1:34.8.

The highly acclaimed freshman track squad who won the Brooklyn Champs three years ago had as one of its stars, Bob Munro. That year Bob set the indoor freshman school record for the mile with a time of 5:01. This record still stands. A year later 100 trackmen were running in the cross-country sophomore champs. Only 10 of them finished ahead of Bob. The fastest time ever run for the mile by a Ford Varsity member is 4:38. It was run by Bob Munro.

When the ballots were counted for this year's captain of the track team, the name of Tom Donahue came out on top. It's not hard to understand why, either. His list of accomplishments is quite impressive. As a freshman, he was fifth man on the "A" cross-country team. While being rather dormant the rest of that year because of his relatively small physique, he made the Varsity cross-country team as a sophomore. He holds the school record for: the sophomore 2 mile run, the sophomore half mile run, the junior indoor and outdoor 2 mile runs, and the junior outdoor half mile run. His 2:03 time for the half mile broke a city record.

Track is a sport that has many phases. One of these phases is the field of high jumping. Two eight letter men, Mike Alexander and Tom Whiting, have excelled in this field. Tom, in jumping 5'8", holds the Varsity outdoor high jump record. The Bishop Ford record for the indoor high jump is 5'6", and for the triple jump is 38'9". Mike Alexander set both.

These five stars have stuck by the team for three years now. This, their last year, they are going at it again. At the end of the season, along with teammates Nick Bounomo and Paul Gilfoyle, they could graduate with ten to twelve athletic letters each. Although the distribution of non-athletic letters has retarded the value of a letter, these trackmen have earned every one by sweat and sweat alone. With that tribute I end my song about Ford's unsung heroes.

George Albro

## Rasa Writes

"To afford the students of Bishop Ford High School the opportunity to participate in and benefit from a democratic school government, to instill in them a sense of responsibility, to encourage school loyalty and respect for authority and to prepare them for their roles in adult life as good Catholic citizens are the purposes of this organization."

Such reads the preamble to the Student Council constitution of Bishop Ford. It may either be taken as a considerable attempt, or flouted as a well constructed paragraph of nonsense. But unless we agree with it or concern ourselves enough to want to change it, the whole idea of coming here, any hope of attainable progress, or any reasonable desire is shot. It's not worth it unless some definite interest is there. Last year, Frank Savereze worked harder than any Student Council president could possibly hope to do. But he accomplished little. Savereze was working in vain, alone, and with little cooperation. It showed.

*Highpoint* has offered enough space in every edition for some kind of student council report. The ideas and policies printed in these articles may not always be indicative of *Highpoint's* position or that of its editor. In fact the student council is open to challenge, question or even opinion.

## Police (con't)

Buffalo and Rochester last year were prolonged because those cities had Civilian Review Boards, which made police hesitant to act with force and resolution).

Realizing the intrinsic dangers of civilian interference in police matters, the Policemen's Benevolent Association, in conjunction with the Conservative Party, gathered signatures petitioning that the issue be brought directly to the people, in the form of a referendum. The City Clerk, who is in charge of certifying the legitimacy of the signatures of a petition, was sporting a Lindsay-like grin when he reported to the press that the signatures had been deemed invalid. Dissatisfied and suspicious of the outcome, the P.B.A. and the Conservative Party brought the matter to the Court of Appeals and that court ratified their authenticity.

Visibly disappointed, Lindsay's next step was entirely predictable—he accused the petitioners of racial prejudice and observed that "since the beginning of time men have always fought change." But John Lindsay never gives up. Instead he had the wording on the ballot rigged so that a "no" vote would in reality register as a "yes" vote, in favor of the controversial board.

Since Mayor Lindsay seems to believe that constitutions and declarations of governmental intent are historically memorable but little more; since he holds moral obligations and virtues to be nothing but cant, it is not surprising that he shirks his duty to the majority to cajole the minority. And who knows, maybe by the time he runs again he will have fixed it so that the minority vote counts more than the majority's does.

## TRACK FLASHES

